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SECOND

ANNUAL CELEBRATION

—OF THE—

NEW ÷ ENGLAND ÷ SOCIETY

OF ST. LOUIS.

—AT—

SOUTHERN HOTEL,

DECEMBER 21, 1886.



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OFFICERS OF THE
NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF ST. LOUIS,

—1885.—

President,
H. M. POLLARD.

Vice-Presidents,
ELMER B. ADAMS.
ALVAH MANSUR.

Executive Committee,
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GEO. D. BARNARD.
LEWIS E. COLLINS.
FRED. W. DRURY.
LEWIS E. SNOW.

Treasurer,
OSCAR L. WHITELOW.

Secretary,
W. B. HOMER.

OFFICERS OF THE
NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF ST. LOUIS,

—1886.—

President,

JAMES RICHARDSON.

Vice-Presidents,

E. O. STANARD.

MELVIN L. GRAY.

Rev. J. C. LEARNED.

Executive Committee,

H. M. POLLARD.

C. H. SAMPSON.

L. B. RIPLEY.

F. H. LUDINGTON.

C. M. WOODWARD.

Treasurer,

OSCAR L. WHITELAW.

Secretary,

W. B. HOMER.

411 Olive St.

SECOND ANNUAL DINNER

OF THE

NEW ❖ ENGLAND ❖ SOCIETY

OF ST. LOUIS.

The Second Annual Celebration and Dinner of the New England Society of St. Louis took place Tuesday evening, December 21st, 1886, at the Southern Hotel.

The room and tables were beautifully decorated with flowers and plants.

An effort was made to have the dinner suggestive of the dinners of our fathers, and was in this respect only a partial success, but in every other way was satisfactory to the members of the Society.

Rev. H. A. Stimson, D. D., invoked the Divine blessing. After which one hundred and fifty members and guests partook of the dinner prepared by the Executive Committee.

M E N U.

*Oyster Soup, Boston Crackers.**Celery.**Boiled Codfish, Butter Sauce.**Boiled Potatoes.**Baked Pork and Beans.**Boston Brown Bread.**Crab Orchard Cider.**Chicken Pie, Family Style.**Boiled Rice.**Cider Apple Sauce.**Roast Turkey, Stuffed, Cranberry Sauce.**Tea.**Baked Potatoes.**Turnips.**Squash.**New England Rum Punch.**Broiled Quail on Toast.**Lettuce Salad.**Indian Pudding.**Mince Pie.**Apple Pie.**Pumpkin Pie.**Doughnuts.**Assorted Cakes.**Vanilla Ice Cream.**Fruit.**Cheese.**Coffee.*

The vocal music of the evening was furnished by the Hatton Glee Club, and consisted of songs suited to the occasion.

PRESIDENT RICHARDSON'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Sons and Daughters of New England:

We have gathered here this evening to turn our minds away from our present surroundings back upon the places of our birth and the scenes of our childhood.

And now while our thoughts go rushing back over the intervening years, leaving the present and the events that have chequered our lives and covered our brows with gray locks, meantime, in abeyance, and once more with the vigor and hilarity of youth we go bounding along over the oft trodden path that leads through the old orchard, with its juicy ripe fruit all around us, down to the cool crystal spring that bubbles up from under the moss covered rocks at the foot of the hill, and throwing ourselves prone on the ground again quench our thirst at the original fountain of nature ; or, perhaps, hand in hand with our youthful companions, meander along the familiar old road that leads over the meadow and brook and up the long hill to the bright red school house where our exuberant youth was disciplined to start on the journey of life ; or again, on the morning of God's holy and still Sabbath day with our fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, arrayed in our best attire, wend our way to where the old meeting house stands, among the big elms, on the broad village square, and entering its courts with awe take our seats in the square high-backed pews and in silence and wonder, again listen to the words of the good man of God who pointed out to us in our youth

with mathematical precision the one only straight and sure way into the happy unseen hereafter ; as all these thoughts and perhaps many others come thronging into your minds, do you not feel welling up within you, and beyond your control an unspeakable sensation of joy, that you passed your early life, and had your youth trained for its conflicts, in the land of the pilgrims? Most assuredly you do. It is impossible to suppose that it could be otherwise. But it will be asked why we gather here to indulge in joyful retrospections over the bleak hills, cold valleys and barren shores of New England? And I answer: If for no other good reason it is because it is the home of our childhood. But more, all men who entertain large purposes in life and aim to accomplish great ends, seek inspiration from some quarter to nerve themselves for the struggle before them, and they look for it where it best can be found.

It is a fortunate circumstance for us, my hearers, however it may be with others, that we can find it in the very direction we are now looking, in the history and times of our sires.

When we look back upon the history of the first settlers of New England and find that out of their stern characters, hardy lives and irrepressible endeavors, great principles have been evolved, and great ends attained in the interest of ourselves and mankind, we catch the high purposes that inspired them and are incited to emulate their lives.

Who can fail to be profoundly impressed by the great moral events which had their origin in early New England, and reaching down to our times have shaped and are still shaping the civilization that prevails in this land?

But what a colony was this which they founded !

In the cabin of the "MAYFLOWER," before landing, they entered into a unanimous compact for their government which embodied all the great principles of universal liberty, regulated by law, which prevail to this day ; and when they

established their colony on shore, they planted it on the indestructible foundations of *liberty and law, righteousness and justice combined.*

In deciding upon the site of their location, they were influenced by no sordid motives of greed—no allurements of bright, sunny skies, fertile soil or golden sands for a moment distracted *their* minds.

Fleeing from oppression at home they only sought a retreat where they could work out their own manhood unmolested—where they could enjoy the fruit of their own toil in peace and where they could worship and serve their Maker in accordance with their own understanding of the obligations that rested upon them.

The Scriptures alone were their guide, and no law or practice was binding that did not accord therewith.

The school house and the meeting house were the channels through which they promulgated their views, and during all these intervening years they have spread with our expanding population, as it rolled across this wide country, until they now reach from its eastern to its western shores.

But New England, my hearers, no longer lingers on the rock bound shores of the east. She has taken to herself wings, as it were, and scaling mountains and valleys, deep rivers and broad plains, keeping in the van of empire as it marched toward the west, she has uprooted the forests, erected great cities, chequered the whole land with school houses and churches, and planted her sons and her civilization on every square league of the north.

And what a mighty civilization it is, that marks the track of her progress!

Search the world over and show me another land where liberty and justice, enterprise and intelligence and prosperity and happiness prevail in an equal degree.

Look out upon the great States she has builded, as her sons moved on toward the west, and witness the marvel of

time: the greater part of New York, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska and others still rising beyond. See their free schools and academies, their colleges and universities, their store houses, factories and farms: look into their comfortable dwellings surrounded by beauty and plenty and filled with elegance and art; but better than all this, see their manly sons and their womanly daughters, disciplined in manners and educated in morals and mind, and prepared to maintain the great trust their parents bequeathed to their care.

True, they have been charged from certain quarters with narrowmindedness and branded as incorrigible fanatics, but if their accusers had been stimulated by a similar infatuation and zeal, what a spectacle of grandeur and greatness would that section of our country have long since been presenting to the admiring gaze of mankind.

Down to the time of the adoption of our present constitution, and even later, the opinion generally prevailed that the great mass of our population would always be found on the rich sunny fields of the South. Peculiar circumstances, however, have disappointed that expectation, and for seventy-five years or more the grand march of population has been always and only westward and over that portion of our country where liberty held full sway.

It remained for the first gun fired on "Sumpter" to change its course toward the South.

Two antagonistic civilizations had spread over the different sections of this country, and history has recorded the outcome of the fearful strife that was recently waged between them.

It has shown that the sword of the North, wielded by the strong arm of freedom, marching under the banner of union and law, hewed its triumphant way through all physical opposition, until the final field of Appomatox was won, and

peace again prevailed throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Such is the proof of her invincible power when marshalled in battle array. But her destiny and mission by no means end here, for her moral supremacy is as potent as her physical power is supreme, and it is in this new course of empire marching southward that her greatest, yet peaceful triumph over ideas, is now being wrought out and achieved.

As we live it, history seems to make slow progress indeed, but thousands of northern men with millions of northern capital, have already made their homes in the South.

She has wisely opened her arms to immigration, and there is no fairer field on the face of the earth where intelligence, enterprise and capital can win a richer reward.

A fresh breeze from the North is now blowing, bearing on its wings fresh energy, life and new ideas, and Florida is responding to their touch. Her vast forests of desolate pines and swamps of grim smiling alligators are fast disappearing before the incoming hosts that are swarming all over this sea-fanned sanitarium of the South, while groves of green lemon trees and orchards of oranges are springing up all over the state.

Alabama and Georgia have awakened and are bestirring themselves as they never bestirred before, and furnace and mine and factory and farm are aglow with an ardor and life that is rapidly transforming these states.

The empire of Texas is arising, and in the new found strength that pervades her, her broad fertile fields are glistening with harvests so rich and so varied, that king cotton has been constrained to share his dominions with grain, and the same life and spirit prevail all around.

All over the South the free school, in its true New England significance, is lifting itself into view, and free thought and free labor are slowly, but surely, asserting their sway.

And this progress of affairs will go on, until it will be

difficult to distinguish old Massachusetts from her fiery foe at the South, or Louisiana and Mississippi, from any two Yankee states at the North. It will go on until this great nation, so long retarded and divided by contending civilizations, will have become a homogeneous people, *and it never will pause in its course*, until like institutions and ideas prevail all over this land, and the North and the South are blended into one indistinguishable whole.

RESPONSE OF HON. GEO. E. LEIGHTON.

After the singing of "Hurrah for New England," by the Glee Club, the President announced the toast, "The New England Idea and its living force in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race," and called upon Hon. Geo. E. Leighton to reply. He spoke as follows:

I rejoice in meeting with the sons of New England this evening, and in being permitted to join with you in recalling what was best, what was permanent and enduring in the civilization the early colonists planted and nourished and developed on our shores.

The 21st of December, 1620, was not a day of festivity, but it was a momentous day in the history of America; and on each recurring anniversary, I know of no more appropriate tribute we can pay to the moral and political worth of the founders of New England, than we do in thus assembling together, with a just pride in our New England birth.

And yet, I sometimes think that, in our supreme veneration for New England and the fathers, we are apt to limit ourselves too closely to the colonists who left the grand old island to found new homes for themselves and for their children, and to the little territory on our northeastern coast, where, indeed, the New England idea reached its highest development.

But all that was best in the colonists of New England had its birth long before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. All that was vital in the New England character had slept in Saxon homes in the days of Alfred. It illumined the halls of Oxford, when Latimer and Ridley stood at the stake for conscience. It had been nourished in English homes, when vice had the entrée of English palaces. But it was in the seventeenth century to assert itself and become a new idea in the *national* life. The time had come when it was to be applied to daily living, to religion, to government, to law, and it claimed a recognition.

In the providence of God, more than a century before, America had been discovered, and had offered to the world new fields for the solution of the problems of civilization. But had America remained undiscovered, none the less would all that New England represents have arisen and claimed recognition—*somewhere*. New England became what the colonists made it, but the colonists were kith and kin of a body of men in Old England, representing the same ideas, and endeavoring to embody them there. It was an accident that Hampden and Pym and Milton were on the other side of the Atlantic, and that Bradford, Winthrop and Winslow were on this—that Oliver Cromwell, going out from Cambridge University, in 1616, remained in England, while John Harvard, going out from the same University ten years later, came to America. It was a happy incident that there was a land untrammelled by the traditions of a thousand years, where the new birth of England could find a home of its own. But the new life was not dependent upon America as a home. It grew in the old land, as it grew in the new, resisted indeed, hampered in its development by church and state, by a corrupt court, and a dissolute aristocracy, but, nevertheless, it grew; and then, breaking all restraint, and striking down all opposition, brought a king's head to the block. The New England idea

had tried to find standing room in the old world. It came to America, when, for the time, its effort seemed to have failed, when the obstacles seemed to be too great, and rooted too firmly in the very tissue of the English nationality. The coming-in of the Stuarts gave head to the zeal and bigotry of all sects and classes, political and religious. No peace could be found in England for those who represented the new idea. The exodus, considering the difficulties and dangers, the uncertainties and trials which accompanied it, was without a parallel in the history of the world. In 1633, it had reached such a point that the king, in council, considered the expediency of restraining it. From twelve to fifteen ships a month were leaving the old land, laden with colonists. Such an exodus means something, and it can only mean the movement of some great idea struggling for realization. No hope of personal gain, no expectation of material benefit could, in the seventeenth century, induce the best blood of middle class England to leave the old land and seek the rocky and inhospitable shores of the new. It meant, in that day, a final severance from kindred and home. It was the distinctive feature of the settlement of New England, that it was the voluntary acceptance of the hard conditions of existence in the new world for a principle, while all the other settlements were the result of strictly commercial adventure. Winslow, Brewster and Standish represented a different purpose in life from that of Raleigh, Baltimore, or Oglethorp, or even Penn.

That idea, in all its essential qualities, was one which, however overcome by more powerful interests, has never been absent from the world. It was the struggle of the moral sense of a nation for recognition in the national life. It was an indignant protest against corruption in the church and in the state, against a dissolute court and a slavish parliament. Between Strafford, haughty, stern, and heartless,

and Laud, bigotted, corrupt and vindictive, the honest yeoman of England—honest and of good purpose as the mass in England have always been, could find no standing room.

Cromwell said of his army that “*they had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did,*” and I know of no statement so comprehensive of the essential quality of the New England, or, if you choose to call it so—the Puritan idea. It describes the New England colonists who first came, just as it describes their fathers and brothers and sons, who delayed their departure until the contest had been fought out at home. It was loyalty to God, as against blind loyalty to the King; the divine inheritance of manhood with its rights, as against the human inheritance of noble birth with its privileges; the heroism of discipline, faith and prayer, against the bravado of the court and camp.

It was of such men that even Clarendon was compelled to say, that to them “victory was entailed,” and what was true of them then, is true of the same kind of men now.

What wonder that those “who had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did” should fly the land where loyalty had become only servitude; where love had become sensuality; where the church had only religion enough to persecute and oppress; where cold hearts and narrow minds had created the golden age of the sycophant, the bigot, and the roué. What wonder that the rising tide of honest indignation should sweep from power, and place, those who had sought to destroy the birthright of a people.

If, in old England, the powerful interests of church and aristocracy, rooted in the very fibre of the national life, regained their sway for a time, it was only the more certain that in the New England, where these had no hold upon any part of the people, the Puritan spirit would remain

dominant, and give to their public and private life the form and color of its own purpose. It did remain. The motto of the colonial troops at Louisburg, “*nil desperandum Christo duce*” was expressive of the same essential idea as that which animated Cromwell’s Ironsides, more than a century before—a resistless enthusiasm, hallowed by a sense of religious duty.

It is to-day the fundamental quality of the best Americanism. To have “the fear of God before them, and to make some conscience of what they do,” gives to American Democracy a type and quality which we look for in vain in the Latin races. It has never been extinct on either continent. It inspired Sidney and Russell, and gave to English liberty the Declaration of Right—our inheritance. It nerved the arms of the men at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill. It moved the hearts of Chatham and Burke when they plead before England for justice and right to America. It animated Wilberforce in his grand work of securing the emancipation of the slaves in the English colonies. Seward and Chase, and Sumner and Lincoln “made some conscience of what they did,” and in the unfailing providence of God, their work was successful in the contest with an idea of government in which policy was the controlling spirit. Puritanism in the old world and the new has given this lesson to statesmen, that no cause rooted in the moral sense of a nation need fear, in the long run, the result of a contest with fraud, with injustice, or with mere policy or expediency, however speciously presented or obstinately maintained.

The time was when, even in our country, attention was called to the petty and superficial incidents of the Puritan character of the seventeenth century, but that time has passed. It is no longer necessary to plead for their right to a lofty place in human history : to defend the honesty and integrity of their character, or the enduring worth of the great work they did. Surveying them from the high vantage ground

of the nineteenth century, we see much that amuses, and much that, in our age, would arouse our opposition. But the fibre and quality was always pure and lofty, and tended to the creation of a sound and vigorous manhood and womanhood. We can see, even in our own day, how the most ardent reformers in social affairs sometimes fail to place themselves where they realize the just perspective of our whole social life, and exaggerate the application of a principle, in itself sound and wise, to a degree which makes virtue itself seem ridiculous. Piety, industry and frugality were the sturdy virtues of the founders of New England, and if, at our great distance, piety seems sometimes to have become austerity, if industry seems delving, and frugality seems like parsimony, in the light of the record of character which they created and nourished, which shone in every contest for human right, in every effort for social enlightenment, in the educational institutions which they founded and sustained, (for Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth were all of colonial origin), in the body of law which they created and administered, in the commercial and military enterprises which they carried out, in the high degree of intelligence which left its mark on the politics and theology of the times, we may well question the importance of its superficial manifestations. Human history has given us no record of a people so eminently intelligent, thrifty, energetic and frugal, who have submitted these qualities so absolutely to the control of a strong religious faith and allowed the distinction between right and wrong, as they saw and felt it, to dominate every interest of life.

I have said that Puritanism, in all its essential quality of "fearing God and making some conscience of what it does," is still an enduring force in the progress of our race. In the environment of the nineteenth century it assumes a different aspect, for the world has moved forward and its contest is with new and different foes.

It is broader and more catholic in its spirit, more tolerant, more practical, and less given to forms and observances as becomes the age; more appreciative of what is good, and true in art, science and literature; in all races, in all religions, in all civilizations, but it still "makes conscience of what it does," and insists upon the application of the moral sense to every social and political, even to every religious interest. And as it has grown broader in its spirit, it has spread over the whole country. It is no longer, if indeed it was ever confined to New England. If it required rocky shores, and sterile lands, and granite hills for its nurture in a different age from this, it no longer needs them. The inner heart of the American people is Puritan to-day—more Puritan than ever. In the South as well as the North, in the West as well as the East: wherever the sentiment prevails that what is right is to be preferred to what is expedient, whatever is pure and of good report to what is vicious and debasing, there the essential spirit of the Puritan idea has found root and will flourish. I will not point to our cities where the incongruous elements of all lands gather; where vice and crime hold their carnival; where place and power are bought and sold, and the false political philosophies which have grown out of centuries of oppression in the old world antagonize the principles upon which American liberty is founded, and threaten sometimes to engulf them; but the cities do not yet constitute America. On every hill top where the spire still points the way to a higher life: in every valley where the children are taught the principles of American liberty, and the virtues and sacrifices which created and have preserved it; by every farm house and village hearthstone where

"Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,"

in every Christain household where character and worth

are still held to be the titles to honor, there it has found a home. It will meet and solve the new political and social problems as it has met and solved the old, but it will apply the old principle and make "conscience of what it does." That principle is a vital spark caught from no human altar and it will not be extinguished.

RESPONSE OF REV. GEORGE E. MARTIN.

After the singing of "The Old Oaken Bucket," the Rev. George E. Martin responded to the toast, "The Land of the Modern Pilgrims," in the following words:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Modern Pilgrims:

In this presence, and at this time, I can thoroughly appreciate the feelings of a would-be Sunday-school orator, who, when he asked his audience of hopefuls what he should talk about, was somewhat disconcerted by the ready reply from a precocious youngster, "About ten minutes, if you please, sir."

Privately, I have been asked by the Committee, trying to control this evening's "feast of reason and flow of soul," to confine my remarks to the limits of "about ten minutes." At once the embarrassment of my position must be evident to you all; I am asked in this meagre space of time to cover all this vast land. Yet, following the example of those who have already relieved themselves of their pent-up patriotism, and, in so doing, have erred on the charity side of their prescribed ten minutes, I may hope, with your indulgence, to make my ten minutes, in suggestion at least, do a large service.

Wherever, in the wide world, away from Scotland, a Scotchman may be, whenever he sees a spray of pink heather

bloom, thoughts of the home land arise in his heart, and often an utterance like this comes to his lips, "There's nae land sae gude as that bonny land, my ain land." It *is* his land. Whenever a Frenchman, away from "Sunny France," hears the inspiring *Marseillaise*, with characteristic enthusiasm, he cries, "France is my land." It *is* his land. With a delicious obstinacy, an Englishman, away from England, thinks and speaks of that land as his land. It *is* his land. Away from beloved Germany, thousands of home-loving Germans in other lands look back to the old land and claim it yet as fatherland. It *is* their land.

So we, Modern Pilgrims of the Southwest, look back with loyal hearts to New England and claim it as our land still. As the Mohammedan turns to Mecca for spiritual regeneration, as the Jew turns to Jerusalem for the ultimate source of national restoration, so we, this night and always, look to New England as the abiding source from which shall come much that makes for national honor and strength, and that manhood and womanhood, which are a nation's surest safeguard. In this high sense New England is the land of the Modern Pilgrims.

But I remember that our forefathers, when they stood on Plymouth Rock, asserted a double claim; their hearts, with the speed of loyal thought, made a journey over the dreary waste of waters, stretching between the New and the Old World, and claimed a right in the home-land, while, at the same time, claim was laid, in prophetic faith, to the vaster realm reaching out from under their feet into the uncivilized unknown.

As their children, we look back to the old New England and claim it as ours: while, at the same time, lifting up our eyes upon the great domain sprung from the old land, we claim a vast new New England in all parts of the republic as also ours.

Consider for one moment the vastness in this claim. Our

English brethren boast that the sun never ceases to shine on English domains ; we can make a boast almost as great. With the exception of a few hours of darkness, the sun is always shining on American land. The flashing circle of the resplendent chariot of the Day-God is complete around this land, with the exception of a shadowy break, and even that is roseate with the setting and aglow with the rising sun.

Almost everywhere under this circle of light you will find the New Englander ; he is in the North, warming its cold with his fervent energies ; he is in the South, lending his characteristic energy to Southern lethargy ; he is in the West, by the North and by the South, out to the Golden Gate ; he is the heart of the East ; wherever he may be, he usually stands for wise push in business, the best of education and clean morals.

But, Mr. President, there is another and a solemn sense in which this great land belongs to the modern pilgrims. I should be false to my lineage, in its highest estate, did I fail to make this aspect of our responsible ownership clear.

Our beloved country, modern pilgrims, is ours, because those principles that thrill in our moral nerve and flow as moral tonic in our very blood, if we are true to our lineage, perpetuated this land in its union, and cemented in choice blood a redeeming brotherhood that should know no North and no South at issue, but both as a part of one great Nation. That this thought, with its solemn and uplifting responsibility, may be clear, indulge me while I rehearse as briefly as I may a national episode. When our forefathers and foremothers landed on New England shores they planted a great principle, hallowing it with prayer,—the principle that *every man has a God-given right, with a due regard for the rights of others, to be and become the best possible for himself and all others.* Thus was planted the seed of the Nation's abiding greatness.

About sixteen months before this planting, a vessel sailed

up the James River and deposited in Virginia the black seeds of a principle directly opposite to the genius of Plymouth Rock. It was inevitable that somewhere down the years these opposing elements should meet. I can see the New England principle moving, as if in a broad white line, from the New England States across to the far north-west ; this line is moving southward ; I can see the evil principle moving from the extreme south-eastern states across to distant Texas ; the line is like a chain and is moving northward ; the years move on and with them these opposing lines ; with each year they draw nearer, until a little more than two decades ago, they met in deadly conflict. Even at the time of the struggle no very prophetic eye was needed to see the outcome of the great duel. It was a contest between right and wrong, between that which frees and makes a man and that which binds and ruins him. The New England principle gained the day. We are the heirs of this principle. That which it accomplished with cannon, musket and sword, we are to perpetuate with the peaceful weapons of the school and the church, for from these two sources flow a safe national life. No land is so much a man's land as that which he holds in a high and solemn trust. So do we hold this land, as the legacy of our Pilgrim Fathers. This, I take it, is the individual and national gospel of this hour.

RESPONSE OF HON. F. N. JUDSON.

The President, after calling for the singing of "The Sword of Bunker Hill," introduced Hon. F. N. Judson to respond to the toast, "The New England Town Meeting."

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members of the New England Society :

I can but deem myself doubly honored in the call to respond in so representative a gathering of New Englanders

for such a representative New England Institution as the "Town Meeting," in that I am not a New Englander by birth, and my divided parentage, Southern birth and New England rearing and education may class me as a New Englander of the "half-blood."

The Town Meeting is the one distinguishing institution of the political organization of our Puritan ancestors which has survived into modern times. The theocratic state which was founded and administered with such zeal and fervor and which influenced so powerfully human thought and action, has long since disappeared, and the Puritan of the seventeenth century would be as strange a figure in modern life, even among his own descendants in New England or among us to-night as a feudal baron or a crusader.

But the Town Meeting survives. Many of us can vividly recall its interesting associations, and doubtless some have taken active part in its practical working. The moderator, town clerk and other town officials are familiar figures. The discussion and determination in Town meeting of such questions as the opening of a new road, the building of a new bridge or a new school house, the adjustment of the annual tax levy, are a practical illustration of local self-government in a pure democracy and the ideal "home rule."

The great principle of representation, whereby the citizen selects some one to transact the public business for him, and which constitutes so vital a feature in modern political institutions, was not found in the original town-meeting. That was a pure Democracy.

It is indeed true that in all the American colonies the same fundamental principles of civil liberty and self-government were cherished, and in them all political institutions based thereon were founded and developed, yet candid observers must admit that the town-governments of New England afford the clearest illustration, to be found in all our political history, of self-

government and home rule. The physical surroundings and circumstances of the settlement of the early New England colonists may have contributed largely to the development of the town-meeting as a political institution. Some historians find its origin in the "folk-mote" of our Teutonic ancestors, as it existed when the dawn of history discloses them in the German forests. But, however this may be, it is a subject too extensive for the limits of post-prandial discussion. Whatever its historic origin, the town-meeting in New England was the centre of political action. The town was the political unit. From the association of towns sprang the state, and from the state the nation. It has been well said that so complete was the home-rule in these towns, that if the state had been destroyed, the towns would have survived as independent self-governing centres of political life.

The influence of the town-meeting is clearly traceable in the history of the country. Men who at the revolutionary period represented generations of constant periodical exercise of self-government in town-meeting could not but be free. No form of government but a free government; no institutions but free institutions were possible for them. The ideal man of the town-meeting is admirably portrayed by our fellow townsman and fellow New Englander in this Society, Prof. Hosmer, in his life of the revolutionary hero, Samuel Adams. No one appreciated the town-meeting more than Mr. Jefferson, the great apostle of Democracy, who earnestly advocated the introduction of the subdivision of the Virginia counties into wards and townships: writing that "the New England towns had proved themselves the wisest invention ever devised by man for the perfect exercise of self-government, and for its preservation."

It would be a superficial view of the town-meeting in our early New England history, to overlook the peculiar characteristics of the people, who therein exercised the rights and performed the duties of citizenship. The institution

and the Puritan character acted and reacted on each other. Homogeneous in nationality, the typical town citizenship was of high order of general education and intelligence, and of common and intense religious convictions. However narrow and even forbidding the character and life of the Puritan may appear when tested by our modern standards, his conception of a free man in a free state was lofty and ennobling. We hear much in modern days of political rights, of the rights of this class or of the rights of that class; our Puritan fathers conceived of political rights only as associated with political duties. He claimed the right only as he performed the duties of citizenship. The Puritan made serious business of his political duties; as we read that the townsmen in Boston were exhorted to wash their hands and faces and wear their sabbath clothes to town-meeting, "in order that they might appear neat and cleanly."

But how changed are all the conditions of modern life from those in which our fathers quietly governed themselves in town-meeting. Instead of homogeneous population, trained for generations in the exercise of citizenship, we have vast numbers rushing in upon us, who through no fault of their own, have to learn their first lesson in the business of self-government. Economical society has become a great complicated organism. The increased disparity of fortunes has developed social classes, demanding legislation for so-called class interests. The voice of the demagogue is loud in the land, and socialism and anarchy are preached openly in our streets. Meanwhile the modern citizen has become so absorbed in the sharp competitions of life, so engrossed in money getting or money spending, that he has found even the selection of representatives too burdensome, and so has been evolved by successive stages, the professional politician, the party committee, the man of "influence," and the "boss," and with the aid of the newspapers, the modern citizen succeeds in having the business of govern-

ment done for him. But how radical a departure is all this from the old town-meeting ideal of local self-government and home-rule. Modern life may be exacting and absorbing, the old simple town-meeting machinery may be and doubtless is inadequate for the complex administrative details of local government, but the principle of local self-government must remain as the central vitalizing germ of our body politic, and above all else, the town-meeting ideal of the duty of citizenship must be fostered and preserved, that government by the people and for the people may not perish from the earth.

ADDRESS OF SENATOR EVARTS.

Mr. Richardson said :

Ladies and Gentlemen :

Among our guests this evening, we have a favorite son of Massachusetts, now the distinguished Citizen, Lawyer and Senator of the great State of New York. Unsolicited by himself he has filled and done honor to the highest offices, but one, in this country, and the people of the United States are now awaiting his pleasure to exalt and dignify their chief executive chair.

I now introduce to you Senator Wm. M. Evarts, of New York.

After the applause had subsided which followed his introduction, Mr. Evarts spoke as follows :

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

You may well feel assured that I was quite in love with St. Louis before I started from New York, or I should not have come so far at this inclement season of the year. I have come near one-third the distance that our Pilgrim Fathers came

when they first landed on Plymouth Rock, and if I could have foreseen that it was to be announced here from so high an authority, and before so eminent a company as this, that I was to figure in the future calculations of our politics, it would have been worth my while to have come as far as the Pilgrim Fathers came. [*Laughter and applause.*]

Your president, perhaps unknown to you and unappreciated by himself, is a most persuasive writer of letters. Entirely and personally a stranger to me—though his position in your midst as a merchant and citizen was known—I had no idea that there was a letter writer here who could start a New Englander in mid-winter to travel day and night to get here, with the sad fate before him of being compelled to travel two days and two nights to get home again.

If I had known—which I had not anticipated—that the ladies of the New England population of St. Louis were to share in this feast, I should have felt that in leaving behind me two dinners, one at Brooklyn to-night, and one in New York to-morrow, I should have fared better in this united feast than I possibly could in both separate. But yet I did not come here to see St. Louis. I am very glad to have seen it. I could see it any day. I could see it in summer, in the spring or in October instead of mid-winter; but the charm and attraction was to see the New Englanders in St. Louis remembering and celebrating the memories of their birthplaces. I desired to see not New Englanders merely, for I was born and bred among them, and in New York we have a plenty of them; we are not very far west from Connecticut even there—but I wish to see New Englanders transplanted, cultivated, developed, amplified, glorified, in St. Louis. [*Laughter and applause.*]

Our Pilgrim Fathers did not end their pilgrimage in 1620 at Plymouth Rock. Their task of migration was not ended then, as they might have thought when they had acquired the possession of the new continent in that general

sense that they could build up the fabric of their social and religious institutions. They thought their wanderings were at an end; that their stay in Holland was now turned into a permanent home here, and they were to be forever and forever at home. But the designs of Providence that had brought across the ocean this select company, had not permitted them to stay there; and as the reverend gentleman (Rev. Martin) has pointed at the wonderful occurrence that at the same time Providence brought across the same ocean and from a more southern clime, those inmates, though not citizens of our country for so long, who were planted in the southern region of our territory,—it was not a caprice or a casualty. This task that was imposed upon the Pilgrims, Providence intended to hold them. It had led them to the bleak, cold and barren region on which they had landed. It had anticipated their purpose that they might come as far as the mouth of the Hudson river, and at the same time in these vast designs, which we are now seeing, not the completion, but the grand outline in the past, those hills were put there to keep the New Englanders on the line of migration of the cold and the bleak section of the country—to keep them from running down into the fertile regions and the soft climates of the Southern coast: and from that moment to this, this vast adherence to duty that brought the Pilgrims to Plymouth Rock has kept them ever since, until in its final strides it brought them to the Pacific ocean, and when that was secured, that no loss of virtue or of fidelity to their great duty should draw off their enterprise or reduce their strength, in losing them in the more southern regions—when this was accomplished, then with our acquisition of the Pacific coast in the hands and under the control of this peremptory power of the New England system—then there was no more need of slavery and slavery was destroyed. [*Applause.*]

New Englanders do not need to observe in the stream of

their migration this climatic rule, and now they may overflow with freedom, and with all their power extended and undimmed, infuse into this vast region the power that has transversed the continent. And your City of St. Louis, as it seems to me, is the most interesting point of this central force and authority in its influence all about you ; with the New England principles already planted, already well sheltered and protected, already self-asserting, you are to receive newer and newer accessions from the migrations from the eastern States. How interesting is this comparison, this connection of your institutions with the habits and the institutions of the old French and of the Southern settlements here. And now in this great city thus populous from those sources of different energy and of different temper, are associated and intermingled as one united population, and one great efficient social unit of the great city.

Well, Mr. President, we like to praise the name and the fame of the New England settlements and of their posterity, their transmission of their virtue, and their power, and of their and our mastery over fortune, our subjugation of a reluctant nation, our spread of wealth and of population, but after all, at these, our celebrations of the virtue and the power of our ancestry, the great question for us is whether the essential and ingrained elements of the Puritan character are still at work at home, and whether they run with their emigrants wherever in this broad land they find their homes. For be sure that if the fountains from which this river of life for our country flows are exhausted, or if the intermingling currents shall defile and obscure the life giving virtue of the streams, then the power, then the greatness that we witness in mid-career will be checked and finally withdrawn.

Is there anything that reminds us of any such decay? I can not intimately discuss this question ; but to my mind circumstances do not alter the nature of the man. Wealth we

have received. Is wealth to stifle our virtue? Power we have had, in an extent that never was dreamed of, in its wide sense of advanced power through this land and reactionary influence upon the western nations of Europe. Under these, has this vivid force of our ancestral power been quenched or stifled? By no means, that I can see. The effective influence on society of greatest forces and most distinct nature are those three forms of instruction, from a devout and learned pulpit, schools for the common people, boys and girls together, learning not only from the same books, but from the same study of their common nature, that boys and girls are to be esteemed by no distinctions of rank, and that their future as their childhood is to be their equal rights. [*Applause.*] And last, as the speaker has so amply developed, the town-meeting, which in manhood participation, right for right, eye to eye, each man is to take part in the common working of the commonwealth! and the town-meeting is a sufficient and efficient means of reducing all restrictions and disparagements of the vast suffrage. Who is there now in New England, who among their descendants that wishes some idle and social philosophy to displace the pulpit? who is there that under any scheme of aggrandizement of sects or denominations desires to displace or obliterate the common school? who is there among us that wishes to beguile or suppress the suffrage of the man wherever by law and the constitution he has the right. Are there any New Englanders at home or dispersed that wish to substitute for the commonwealth of the great nation anything better than the instructions from the pulpit, and the teachings in the common schools and the manhood suffrage that every one shall have? What would have been the outbreak in a town-meeting in New England, if any one was to have been excluded from the vote, or when he had given it, he was told that his vote would not be counted? It would have

been the upheaval of society, if there had ever been any movement that was beyond contempt.

Therefore as it seems to me we need not find in this line of efficient and protective purpose and action and energy for this vast commonwealth of the nation, anything that we deplore as losing force and power from the New England people.

But there are more intimate relations than these, more intimate relations upon which the commonwealth of the Puritans and their successive emigrants were knit together, as if one man, and those were equality of right, community of interest and reciprocity of duty. As has well been said, "equality of right," when the principal interest and attention of a nation, leads not to duties, but to an association of discord perhaps, and the development of rancor and distraction. But when you accompany this equality of rights with a community of interests, when every member of society is the keeper and in the keeping of his brother, and when all is controlled by that equality of right and community of interests, by reciprocity of duty, then you have a complete chain, binding the nation together, that while they are maintained can never be dis-severed. For no social philosophy can dig for its foundation deeper than these rest on, for they rest on the immutable principles of human nature. Philanthropy can build out no wider, for those principles would embrace the whole brotherhood of man. Enthusiasm can mount no higher, for those bring men and nations to the very threshold of Heaven. While under these two ties of faith in man, which Burke says holds the moral elements of the world together and faith in God, which binds the world to his throne, there is no fate, no danger in the increasing or developing, under this protection of Providence, of this great nation. [*Applause.*]

The Chairman.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I can not call for “Auld Lang Syne” without one more speech. If there is a single characteristic peculiar to the native New Englander, it is to accomplish great things in the least possible time. We have here this evening some eloquent men, who were born south of Mason and Dixon’s line — no fault of theirs — and we all want to see whether a single meal of baked beans will have transformed them into genuine Yankees. In order to test that I will call upon Senator Henderson.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN B. HENDERSON.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is now half-past eleven o’clock. I am sure that it is impossible for me to say anything that will be interesting after what you have heard from others. I am not a New Englander. I came from a section of country that perhaps hated old England and New England; that is, I mean generally, with a cordial hatred. I mean old Virginia. We were not so devoted or attached to the public schools in Virginia as my friend tells me they had been in New England. I remember that a story was told of a teacher who presented himself in Accomac County, Virginia, for examination before the school trustees to teach a common school. I can say this, because I am from Virginia, and I shall not decry the good old state. This is said to have been a fact. He was put upon the gridiron of examination and passed along splendidly until finally the trustees said, “Mr Thompson, I suppose that you are an English grammarian;” drawing himself up in extreme disgust, “My God,” said he, “No; I am a Virginia gentleman.” [*Laughter and applause.*] He didn’t desire to have anything English attached to him — I

suppose neither old nor New England. I have heard a great deal said amongst the people that brought me up in regard to my New England friends; and we were taught in Virginia at times to doubt whether the “Mayflower” ever came over at all. My friend, Mr. Evarts, seems to have no doubt about it. [*Laughter.*] It seems my friend Mr. Richardson does not doubt it. There is one thing certain, that previous to the war, twenty-five or thirty years ago, my Virginia friends regretted exceedingly that the “Mayflower” ever did come over. [*Laughter and applause.*]

My friend Mr. Judson says that it is the town-meeting that has preserved the institutions of the New Englanders and that has carried the Democratic—I mean the pure Democratic ideal—throughout this land. The town-meeting, be it remembered, is not Republican in character, and from all that I know of it, I am decidedly in favor of it. It is a good institution, and I believe I know how it began. My friend is mistaken when he supposes that the town-meeting began over in the German woods. If he had been born in New England he never would have had said any such thing. Let him go back into New England, and let him make an assertion of that character, and he would be driven out of the country. [*Laughter*] The Germans didn’t introduce the town-meeting. New England is entitled to it, and it began with the “Mayflower.” Before they landed on Plymouth Rock they remained on ship board three or four weeks. They got there November 20th, and they didn’t land until December. Now what do you suppose they were doing during that time. True to the New England instinct they were electing a Governor, and have been doing it ever since. [*Laughter.*] They elected our old friend Mr. Robinson as Governor, and it is true that they held a town-meeting on board the “Mayflower,” and that is the origin of the town-meeting; and their descendants keep it up in

profound respect for their ancestors who came over in the old ship

Now, much has been said about the liberty loving idea of our friends of the New England states. It is true, because I took up a New England history to-day and glanced over it, and I found (I have not looked at one for forty years before) [*laughter*] that they got here in 1820, and in 1834 they began to rebel against the mother country. (*Great laughter.*) Did I say 1820?

The Chairman—Yes.

Mr. Henderson. 1620. You came over in 1620, didn't you? [*Laughter*]. In 1633 or '4 they began to rebel against the mother country; and I find another fact, that in 1662, when Charles the II, I believe it was, then on the throne, sent some Commissioner over to New England to notify the Governor that he was to take away their charter, and he notified the Governor and some of the leading citizens of Massachusetts to go over to England and appear before the King, and to give grounds for their rebellious conduct, they passed a resolution through the town-meeting saying, that "we will resist this order of the King, provided that we are able to do so, and if we find that we are not able to do so, we will avoid it by procrastination," [*laughter*] and they didn't send the fellows over, and Charles had to let them go their way. I find again, that although their charter was taken away in Massachusetts and also in Connecticut, that the very moment the opportunity presented itself upon the expulsion of James the II, in 1689, and the coming of William and Mary to the throne, they again rebelled against English authority saying, that "we are now free and we intend to maintain our freedom." They sent a man over afterwards—what was his name—Andros I believe. I have been studying this thing up to-day [*laughter*], and after the Court of King's Bench had taken away the charter, Andros came over and set himself up in Massachusetts as the Gov-

ernor sent here by authority, and after having succeeded in reducing our Massachusetts friends to temporary subjection, he went down into Connecticut and demanded the charter that had been given to our Connecticut friends. They refused to give it up, and you remember that whilst a heated discussion was going on at Hartford about the surrender of the old charter the lights suddenly gave out, as they do in some of our political conventions around in this country once in a while, and the charter was seized by a Captain in the meeting and hidden in the old Charter Oak, and they kept it there until Andros was imprisoned afterwards in Massachusetts, and then brought it forward, and our Connecticut friends keep the record in the old Charter Oak at Hartford, or did until it was blown down. I believe it has disappeared now.

Mr. Evarts—Yes.

Mr. Henderson—But it has the same famous reputation in Connecticut history that the apple tree now has with us of Appomattox. [*Applause.*]

Well now, my friends, New England did survive and has survived. They fought the Indians; they fought the mother country; they conquered them both, and in that they deserve immortal credit, for I don't like either of them—I mean the Indians and the English. They conquered every obstacle, and they made a virtue of every trouble and every difficulty. Why, I remember our Connecticut friends (turning to the chairman). Did they pass those blue light laws or not?

The Chairman: It is denied on authority, but you can quote them all the same.

Mr. Henderson: Well, I know that Connecticut, the original constitution of Connecticut allowed nobody to vote except members of the church. I believe that they have repealed that now. [*Laughter.*] Why, my friends, Mr. Evarts was educated, I believe, at New Haven, that great

institution now that adorns and beautifies the educational interests of this country, the second—I should say the first of the institutions of America, perhaps the first of the institutions of the world. Do you know how our Connecticut friends found New Haven? They accidentally came upon it while they were chasing a lot of Pequot Indians, and having wiped out the Pequots, they laid out the town in fifteen minutes after the battle, and that now is the beautiful town of New Haven. Whether they planted the elm trees that day or not, history does not tell the details; that is, the history I had hold of to-day. [*Laughter.*]

I don't know after all, while recognizing what the Yankees have done—they have done a great deal—yet the Virginians have done a good deal too.

The Chairman: And a good deal that they ought not to have done.

Mr. Henderson: The good book says that we are all liable to that; that we do things that we ought not to have done, and leave undone the things that we ought to have done. Our Virginian friends are a very considerable people, but somehow or other, lately they got on the wrong side. But it is true, as said by our friend to-night, that whilst Virginia and the Southern States in their recent rebellion against the Government took the wrong side and did many bad things—in fact scarcely anything good—yet they had done much good before and under the influence of Yankee institutions which are now penetrating the South and revivifying and rebuilding it, I hope to God that it may not be almost, but entirely like the New England States. It is my impression, as my friend Mr. Richardson says, that in less than twenty-five years from to-day, the Southern States, convicted of the error which they committed in the late war, will have received prosperity and a decree of education, culture and refinement under the influx of population from the Northern States, commingling with the Southern, re-

ceiving the benefits of education and of a higher civilization and all the other purifying influences that are now pouring in upon them, that will elevate them to the proud position which they would have long since reached had it not been for the unfortunate institution of slavery. [*Loud applause.*]

I recognize the influence of the Yankee. I have felt it during all my life, and it is an influence to which I have never objected. It is an influence which has made this country what it is to-day. I recognize the fact that with their shortcomings they have virtues that have redeemed them, and made this country what it is and what it will be.

What have the Yankees done for me? I used to be in office. I used to be in the Senate of the United States—a better place than I was entitled to; and when there, my friend, Mr. Evarts here, a Yankee, a full blooded Yankee, came there and with his siren tongue in defense of Andrew Johnson induced me to vote against his impeachment, and where have I been since that time? Retired to the shades of private life. [*Great laughter.*] All the difficulty, you know, came from him. He was the man that wrought the mischief—he at the summit of power since that time, and I in obscurity; he filling the highest places with honor and distinction in this government—Secretary of State, Attorney General—I ought to have been one or the other [*great laughter*—then afterwards Senator from the Empire State of New York. He will have a great deal of trouble in keeping Yankee principles in their pristine purity in the city of New York, I am afraid. [*Laughter.*] And now my friend, Mr. Richardson, nominates him for president of the United States, without asking him what he will do for us in the State of Missouri. [*Great laughter.*] They tell us that the Yankees are guilty of sharp tricks. He is a Yankee, he tells us, from away down in Massa-

chusetts. Let us know what you will do for St. Louis, before we nominate you. [*Renewed laughter.*]

But what is the use of my talking ; you have other gentlemen here from the soil. I like to hear New Englanders talk, because they know how to talk. They were brought up to it. They are great in every respect. They are great in their enterprise ; they are great in their energy ; they are great in their generosity ; they are great in the diffusion of their principles. And the influence of their town-meetings has spread all over the country, and I have certainly no objection to having a Yankee for the president of the United States, provided, beforehand, he makes us the proper pledges for this great city in the center of this great country. [*Great laughter and applause.*]

During the dinner several letters of regret and congratulation were received, and the following were read :

Sr. Louis, Dec. 16, 1886.

O. L. WHITELOW, Esq.,

Dear Sir: I much regret my health will not permit my being present at the coming celebration of Forefather's Day by the New England Society of this city. My sympathies are most earnestly with its spirit and purpose. I trust the fires in the old national hearthstone may be ever kept burning, that they may be annually rekindled with the courses of the sun to new brightness through all the future. "In that light we shall see light."

Very truly yours,

T. M. Post.

DEERFOOT FARM, SOUTHBOROUGH, MASS.

Dear Sir: Nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have accepted an invitation so cordial and so tempt-

ing. But the many things I *must* do will not let me do what I would. I love those outposts of New England, planted so far away, yet not among aliens. I should have been glad also to see the city named after a king who gave his life for the faith that was in him, and who would have found himself no stranger among the founders of New England.

I cannot come but I send you a sentiment :

“ Granite and ice New England’s staples are ;
 These she exports, and only these we’re told ;
 Yes ; but add too the men she sends afar,
 Firm as the one, nor like the other cold.”

Faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

JAMES RICHARDSON, ESQ.

Obituary.

So far as known to the officers of the society, only two members have died during the past year—Rev. Constans L. Goodell, D. D., and Gen. John S. Cavender. The following memoranda of the facts of their lives have been prepared by Rev. J. C. Learned.

I.

CONSTANS LIBERTIE GOODELL, D. D.

Constans Libertie Goodell was born in Calais, Vt., March 16th, 1830. He was a descendant of *Robert Goodell*, who settled in Salem, Mass., in 1634. His father was a farmer, and very naturally wished his only child and son to continue in this occupation ; but an early love for books, fostered by

access to a village library, led the youth to seek an education. He fitted for college at the Academy at Bakersfield, Vt., then in charge of Dr. Spaulding—partially paying his way by such services as he could render.

He entered the University of Vermont, graduating in 1855. His first thought had been to enter the legal profession, to which his skill as a debater pointed. But a more mature deliberation led him to the ministry, completing his course at the Andover Theological Seminary in 1858: receiving his D. D. from his Alma Mater, the University of Vermont.

On May 5th, 1859, he married Miss Emily Fairbanks, daughter of Gov. Erastus Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, Vt. Two children were born of this union who still survive—*Oliver*, about twenty-one years of age, and *Laura*, about seventeen.

His first pastorate, assumed in 1859, was at New Britain, Ct., over the South Congregational Church. In 1872 (Sept. 12th) Pilgrim Congregational Church of this city gave him a unanimous call which he accepted, entering upon his St. Louis pastorate on the 22d of December. Beginning with a membership of one hundred and eighteen, it was increased to eight hundred and thirty-nine in his ministry of thirteen years. The church's annual gifts for charitable purposes when he came to it, were something less than \$2,500; at the time of his death they amounted to over \$27,000, while the number of Congregational Churches in the city had been increased (largely by his efforts) from *three* to *twelve*.

His death occurred from apoplexy, with which he was attacked on Sunday evening, January 31, 1886. He had preached to his people with his usual effectiveness, and returned to his house feeling well. He passed into his chamber but to be stricken with an unconsciousness from which he could not be aroused. He died at eight o'clock on the following morning.

II.

GEN. JOHN S. CAVENDER.

John Smith Cavender, son of John and Jane (Smith) Cavender, was born in Franklin, N. H., (the birthplace of Daniel Webster) March 11th, 1824. His father was of Irish descent, a cotton manufacturer, born in Peterborough, N. H., coming to St. Louis in 1836, as a partner in the grocery business of Smith Bros. & Co. In 1840 the youth was sent to Phillips' Academy, Exeter, where he fitted for college and afterwards spent a year at Cambridge.

His first wife was Hettie Chadwick, of Exeter, who died a few months after their marriage. July 25, 1854, he married Lucinda Wesson Rogers, of Watertown, Mass. For several years he was actively and successfully engaged in the fur and hides, boot and shoe, and willow ware business in St. Louis. He was early interested in politics, and became a supporter of the Freesoil party. In 1860 he was elected to the Missouri legislature, and when the rebellion broke out was one of the first to pledge his allegiance to the Union. He recruited the first company of the first regiment of Missouri volunteers, and was made its captain.

He served under Frank Blair at the taking of Camp Jackson. At Wilson's Creek he received three bullets in his body and was left for dead on the field of battle. He was afterwards rescued from the enemy by Gen. Schofield, and upon recovery was placed in command of three batteries with the rank of major. He rendered great service at Fort Donelson and at Shiloh, where he commanded six batteries. After the battle of Corinth, he recruited the twenty-ninth Infantry Regiment, of which he was made colonel. He took part in many of the severest engagements of the war, at Vicksburg, at Chickasaw Bayou where he lost two-thirds

of his men ; after which he was made Brigadier General by brevet for his brave conduct.

In 1866-7 he was sent to the State Senate, holding the position four years. For many years he was on the board of managers of "The National Home for Disabled Soldiers," and was at one time commander of the "Grand Army of the Republic." Lately he was engaged in the real estate business, in the firm of *Cavender & Rowse*.

His death occurred February 23, 1886, in the presence of his family. His wife survives him, and four sons, John Howard, James Smith, Edward Rowse, and Harry Wales, the eldest being about 30 and the youngest about 13 years of age.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS
OF THE
New England Society
—OF—
SAINT LOUIS.

I.

This Association shall be known as the “NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF ST. LOUIS.”

II.

The officers of this Society shall be a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and Executive Committee, consisting of five members, together with the President, Treasurer and Secretary, who shall be *ex-officio* members thereof. All of whom shall be elected by the Society, and shall hold their offices for one year, and until the end of the meeting at which their successors are elected.

III.

There shall be one meeting annually of the Society, which shall be held in December, the day to be fixed by the Executive Committee, at which meeting the first business shall be the election of the officers of the Society, for the ensu-

ing year, and next, any other business of importance to the Society shall be transacted. When the members and invited guests shall partake of an old-time New England dinner, which shall have been prepared by the Executive Committee.

III.

Any reputable resident of St. Louis or vicinity, of New England birth or rearing, shall be eligible to become a member of this Society upon making application to the Executive Committee, paying the admission fee and subscribing his name to the Constitution and By-Laws.

V.

The admission fee shall be one dollar, and the annual dues one dollar, and shall be payable to the Treasurer on the 15th day of November of each year, and in addition to said dues each member who will participate in the dinner shall transmit to the Treasurer, with his annual dues, the sum of five dollars, to be used in defraying the expenses of the dinner.

VI.

Each member shall be entitled to bring to the annual meeting one person besides himself, who may participate in the dinner, upon the payment by the member of an additional five dollars, and the Executive Committee may invite as many guests to participate in the dinner as the condition of the treasury shall warrant.

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.

A

Edmund T. Allen,
 W. L. G. B. Allen,
 James E. Allen,
 Denham Arnold,
 E. B. Adams,
 A. M. Averill,
 W. T. Angell,
 Le Baron L. Austin.

B

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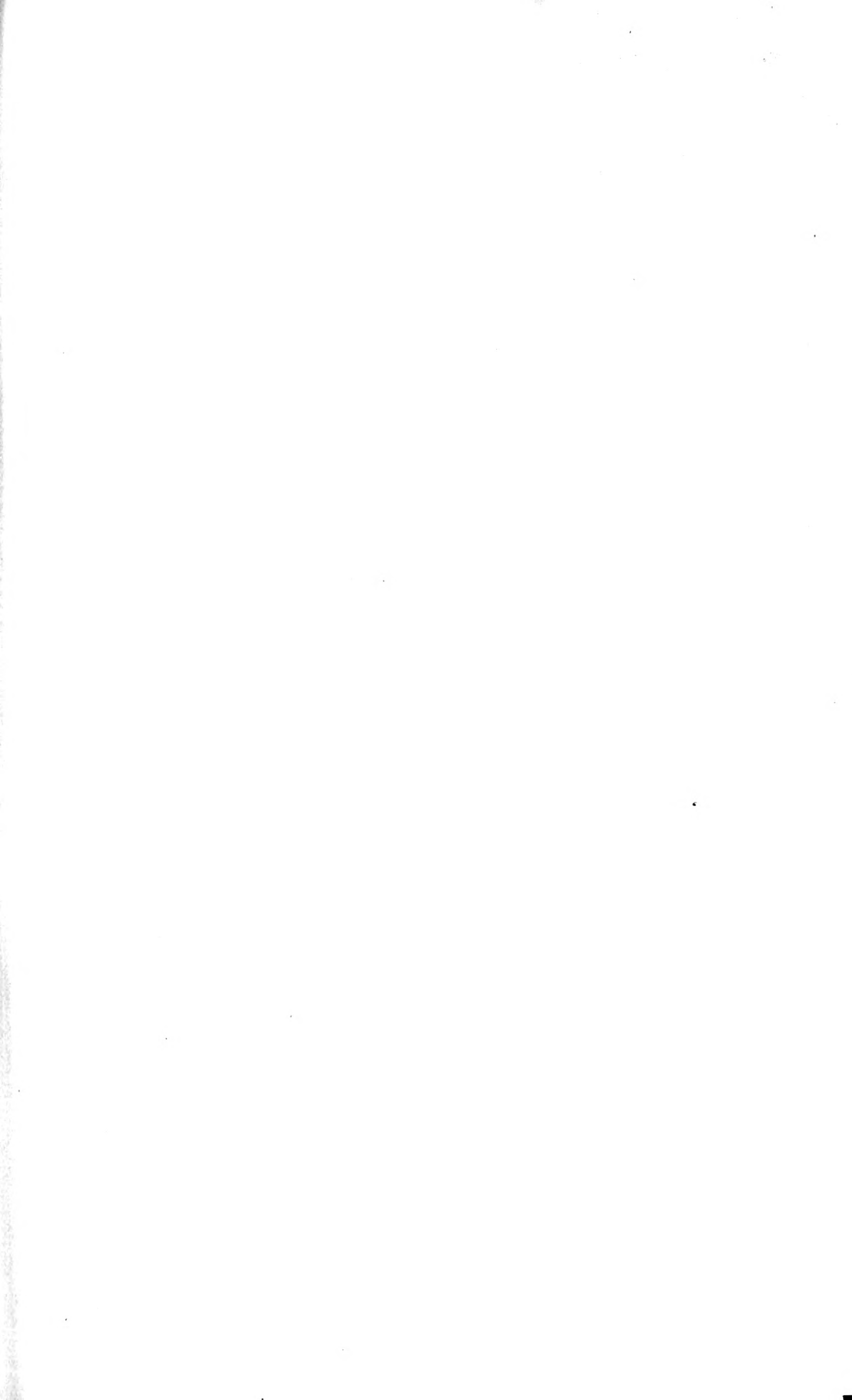
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